

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

APPLES FOR EUROPE.

Some Points to Gowers.

By GEO. A. COCHRANE.

To the Editor: With the enormous crop of apples this year grown will have to depend largely on foreign markets for an outlet for the great bulk of their fruit. Therefore, some points that are necessary for them to observe in getting it up for market will no doubt be of benefit to them.

With the enormous amount to be marketed, it must be clear to all that a much higher standard of selection will be necessary in order to obtain the best results, and that it will not do, as in cases of small crops, to pack some of the poor with the good. It must be borne in mind that all the expenses are just as great for a barrel of poor fruit as for a barrel of fine, and as it is likely to be a year of low or moderate prices even for the best, the probabilities are that poor lots of fruit will bring very low prices, and that it will be far better to turn them into cider than to attempt to market them.

Our growers in years past have made the great mistake of picking their fruit all at one time, whereas several pickings give much better results. Apples are generally picked too ripe, more especially the earlier varieties. Another advantage derived from these several pickings is in having a much longer time to market the product, taking advantage of early markets when the fruit is scarce, and consequently bringing much higher prices than when the glut of shipment is on. Another advantage is that the trees being relieved of a portion enable the remaining fruit to develop in size and goodness. Many growers have followed my advice in this matter, and have experienced the benefit of so doing.

Some of the fruit now on the trees, of varieties such as Kings, Fameuse, (Snow), Cranberry Pippin, Ribston Pippin, Wealthy, and the like, are ripe enough to pick, except in the extreme northern sections of the country, and if packed in the cases as I advocate, or even in barrels, would net the growers far more money if sent into market at once instead of being left on the trees, in all probability to become windfalls later on. For some who have shipped already, I have cable advices of Kings selling as high as \$3 to \$5.00 in the English markets this week. This will give a net to the shippers of at least \$2.25 to \$2.75 per barrel.

Therefore I advise growers to look over their orchards, and in the case of any of the red varieties that are of good size and show considerable color, to relieve the trees of such and hurry them into the market. Of course such fruit would not keep for winter use, and should not be picked with any idea of this, as the English markets are altogether too good for them now, and probably will be at least \$1 a barrel higher during September and October than they will be during November and December. All my agents abroad are cabling me for fruit, as the markets during September and October are very bare of all kinds, unless it be pears.

In packing the cases that I recommend, nothing smaller than a 2½ inch apple should be placed therein, and the larger the better. The small sized it is far better to pack in barrels. It must be borne in mind that in using these cases it is for the purpose of catering to a better class of buyers, and fine fruit must be in them to obtain good results. Some have been foolish enough to pack miserable rubbish in them, probably thinking the case and the paper would make the fruit inviting.

New barrels should always be used instead of second-hand flour barrels, no matter if the cost is double or triple that of the second-hand. The fruit in new barrels generally brings from 25 cents to 50 cents more, when fruit is exactly alike, than those in the second-hand kind. No matter how careful packers may be in dusting or washing out these flour barrels they do not remove it all, and when the barrel is headed up and receives the abuse it does, in rolling and kicking it about, the flour that has been secreted comes out, dusting the apples, and when opened for inspection in foreign markets will be a standard one and that is the regular flour barrel now in use. All the expenses connected with a barrel of fruit are just as great on this under sized barrel as they are on the large. Freight, cartage, wharfage, coach-freight, charges on the other side, are all just the same as for that under sized one. It must be borne in mind that buyers on the other side will not pay within 25 or 50 cents per barrel as much for these under sized barrels as they will for the large, so those who use them fool nobody but themselves. When it is impossible to obtain new barrels and flour barrels have to be used, they should be thoroughly thrashed with a good stiff stick to get all the flour possible, specially that which is secreted in the chinks and the seams of the staves. In packing fruit for foreign markets it is necessary to pack much closer than in the case of fruit that is to be sold in near-by markets. One reason why the Canadians obtain much better results than American growers is in this matter of packing, although the superiority of their fruit has something to do with it. In packing a barrel in what is known to be the inviting and to show, the apples should be laid stem down in order to make a good face. Frauds should not be practised by putting all the largest and finest in this layer, but a fair average of the barrel's contents should be thus arranged. The fruit should all be hand picked and as fast as picked from the tree packed in the barrels. Care should be used to avoid bruising. Lower them into the barrel so as not to let them fall. When the barrel is half full it should be gently rocked to settle the apples snugly. This should

be again resorted to when three-quarters full; then the barrel heaped up full at least an inch or an inch and a half above the hoops. Good sound, small apples will do for this top layer as they fit in snugger and act better as wedges when the lids are pressed in to head up. You cannot pack a barrel properly without the aid of a hand-screw press, and you must not be frightened at hearing the apples crunched and some of them mashed in pressing this head into its place. The hoops should be well nailed and head linings used for both ends of the barrel, as you must remember before it reaches its destination it has terribly hard usage. If, however, the above instructions are observed the barrel will land in any foreign market perfectly tight, unless it has met with an accident in transit. Many growers who ship in lots of 500 to 500 and observe this style of packing, do not have more than 1 or 2 per cent. of slack and wasteful barrels in their returns from the other side.

Do not pick your apples and place them on the ground and let them remain there any length of time. It is far better to leave them on the tree until you have everything ready, so as to pack them as fast as picked. After they are packed do not expose them to the wet; and remember, the greater the despatch you use in getting them into market after they are picked and packed, the better will be their condition on arrival in foreign markets.

Remember also that it does not pay to ship small lots to foreign markets. No one should think of sending less than 25 or 50 cases or barrels, as many of the expenses are no more on 25 than on 5. Remember that large lots of one variety are most attractive to large buyers, and that these small lots generally find favor only with hucksters. A buyer that wants 500 to 1000 barrels wants it either in one, two or three lots, and cannot spare the time to make up his quantity from these small parcels. Another thing to remember is that car load lots enable growers to a much lower rate of freight.

Small growers should club together and arrive at a standard to make their several lots into one good sized one, and so that they shall be of uniform quality. They would net at least 15 or 25% more by adopting this method than by attempting to ship separately in small quantities.

All marks should be removed from second-hand barrels and the face end branded with the stencil plate of the party they are going to, and the variety plainly put on near the chimbs in lead pencil. Better still, use a stencil plate if you have one.

Boston, Sept. 5.

For the Maine Farmer.
HOW TO SUCCEED WITH EARLY STRAW-BERRIES.

BY O. W. BLACKNALL.

The very early strawberry, fighting for life amid the quickly alternating extremes of heat and cold of early spring, is apt to be generally inferior to varieties ripening later and under more favorable conditions. Laboring under so many disadvantages from weather, it must have all the advantages that soil can give to attain any degree of excellence. With all these advantages many more early strawberries prove far inferior than any other kind. After many experience, and the testing of many hundreds of varieties, I find that the Murray and the Improved Westbrook are the best. I have tested them fully. Both ripen their fruit before Crescent—or such varieties usually called early—begin to ripen at all. As experienced growers know, this is very early indeed. Both are very prolific, and about the most perfect and brilliant red, and about the finest and best shippers I ever saw. Their size is good, averaging with Crescent. Being pitillates they should have Meek's Early—an extremely early staminate—planted every fourth row as pollinizers. Eleanor I have not yet fully tested, but experienced and reliable growers pronounce it the earliest and most valuable berry known. But like all very early varieties the above must have rich soil and clean culture. One hundred bushels of cotton seed, or half a ton of cotton seed meal, or 250 lbs. nitrate of soda, or 25 good loads of stable manure, and 300 lbs. dissolved bone or acid phosphate, and 250 lbs. sulphate of potash, or 100 bushels unleached wood ashes per acre, thoroughly plowed and harrowed in, make splendid crops of them on almost any soil. Ripening so early, and being so firm and highly colored, they command very high prices.

Kittrell, N.C.

FAIRS TO OCCUR.

Anderson Valley Fair—At Antonton, Sept. 29th and Oct. 1st.

Cumberland Farmers' Club Fair—At West Cumberland, Sept. 29th and 30th.

Durham Agricultural Society—At Durham, Sept. 29th and 30th.

Northern Hancock Agricultural Society—At Northern Hancock, Sept. 29th and 30th.

Northumbrian Agricultural Society—At Northumbrian, Sept. 29th and 30th.

Northern Cumberland Agricultural Society—At Hartson, Sept. 29th and 30th.

South Kennebec Agricultural Society—At South Windsor, Sept. 29th and 30th.

Vicksburg, Mississippi.

Spanish Colonel—General Weyler, then an lance corporal, in the streets who kept looking over the fence and through holes at the Spanish army. What shall I do?"

General Weyler—"Cable to Spain for reinforcements. I'll capture that man if it takes another army."

Purify your blood with Hood's Saraparilla, which will give you an appetizing tone, your stomach and strengthen your nerves.

Ballooning is becoming a very popular form of suicide. No less than six aeronauts dropped to their death during the month of August.

Dobbin's Floating Borax Soap is 100 per cent. pure. Made of Borax. It floats. Costs you same as poorer floating soap. Worth more. If all this is true, then we have a good reason to believe that the purifying power of borax is real.

"Yes," said Mr. Spofford, "I never had no chance at an education myself, but I'm determined that my son Abner shall have the best that is going. I shall send him to college."

"I have, Harvard or Princeton?"

"I haven't decided yet. What's this Electoral College I see mentioned in the newspapers so much?"

From Mrs. I. N. Gammon, 5 Maverick St., Boston, Mass.

The Art Gallery.

Peasant Woman (noticing a man) "Why do they paint this picture twice?"

Her Husband—"Why, that is obvious. When the new picture is done, they hang that on the wall and throw the old one away."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

F. W. Kinsman & Co.—Gentlemen: I would say to my friends and all who chance to read this, that I have used Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam in my family for a long time, and consider it a very valuable medicine. It cures when all other remedies fail, and would wonderfully assist in those afflictions with coughs, colds, asthma, &c. I have just made a purchase of two large bottles to send to a friend in Central City, Col.

Staple Town, in 1808, was blotted out by a terrible conflagration, which destroyed property estimated to exceed \$7,500,000 in value.

The first agricultural newspaper was The American Farmer, begun at Baltimore in 1818.

Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrefy in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

insomnia, nervousness, and

not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach.

The Liver, etc., 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only pills to take with Hood's Saraparilla.

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The Liver, etc., 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only pills to take with Hood's Saraparilla.

The Greeks and Romans had no weak until they borrowed this division from the east. The Greeks divided the month into three equal periods; the Romans into three very unequal—the kalends, ides and nones.

When this theory is elaborated, it is very conclusively proved that the heart has nothing whatever to do with the circulation of the blood but to determine, by its valves, the course of the current, and by the mechanical force of the stroke, to equalize the flow.—St. Louis Republic.

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THE CURE OF DIABETES.
A Case Successfully Treated in Madison County, N.Y.

From the Press, Utica, N.Y.

On the recommendation of Mr. William Woodman, of South Hamilton, New York, he interviewed Columbus Centre, New York, he interviewed regarding his extraordinary recovery from advanced kidney trouble, embracing diabetes in its worst form, Mr. Jaquays was visited and willingly made the accompanying statement:

"I am fifty years of age, and five years ago began to suffer with pains in the back and weakness in the region of the kidneys, and I had a tremendous flow of urine. Strange to say my appetite increased to an extraordinary degree, but instead of giving me strength, food

made me weaker and thinner, and I was terribly constipated.

My mouth was pasty, I had continuous heartburn and pain across the lower part of my stomach and frequent vomiting. Indeed, I was so bad that I could not sit up without my clothes being wetted by sweat.

I was very tired and weak.

I was unable to work.

I was unable to sleep.

I was unable to eat.

I was unable to drink.

I was unable to urinate.

I was unable to walk.

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Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1896.

TERMS.

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and twenty-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICES.

Mr. C. S. LYTLE, our Agent, is now calling
upon our subscribers in York county.Mr. J. W. KELLOGG, our Agent, is now
calling upon our subscribers in Penobscot
county.The Oxford County Fair is in progress
with the best list of entries for years.Major George S. Merrill, insurance
commissioner of Massachusetts, is very ill,
but with results doubtful.One man in Phippsburg is said to be
shipping clams at the rate of 60 barrels
per week.Although summer is over, we have
yet in store for us some of the balmyest
days of the entire year—the sweet, hazy,
bracing days of what remains of Septem-
ber, and the whole of October.The announcement that the onion
crop of the country shows a shortage of
nearly 25 per cent, compared with the
crop of a year ago, is enough to
bring tears to one's eyes.A young man at a hospital in New York
city died from nosedole. The case is
regarded as a highly interesting one from
a medical standpoint, it being the first of
its kind occurring in that city.Dr. Twitchell of the *Farmer* is in great
demand as a lecturer, and judge at fairs,
this autumn. He has engagements near-
ly every day for a month, closing up
with ten days in the Provinces.The heaviest car of wool ever shipped
out of Idaho was loaded at Mountain
Home the other day. It was a fifty-foot
car containing 42,474 pounds of wool.
The freight charges on the car to Boston,
its destination, were \$800.Canadian cattle can once more be
shipped from Boston. This change has
been brought about by the action of the
chamber of commerce, and will result in
commercial advantages of no small pro-
portions.A crisis in Turkish affairs is said to be
near, and that the European powers have
reached the limit of patience. The Turks
must stop their policy of wholesale
slaughter. This decision ought to have
been reached some time ago.Wm. R. Field of Brunswick, who died
last week, was prominent in fire depart-
ment and political circles in that town.
He was a long time proprietor of the
eating house at the Brunswick depot,
and became acquainted with multitudes
of people.There is no question but that, had the
weather State Fair week been as favor-
able as last year all records would have
been broken in point of attendance.
Every officer feels certain of this. Two
rainy mornings will knock out the profits
from the paying portion of the crowd,
the local being largely life members.In the death of Hon. T. J. Southard
of Richmond, which occurred Tuesday,
the State loses one of its old time ship-
builders. He was in the 87th year of his
age. He began life at the smith's forge,
working his way up until he became
master of his business. He has sent
out from his yards more than one
hundred vessels.Mrs. Hannah Chard, the famous centenarian of Gloucester County, N. J.,
who expects soon to celebrate her 108th
birthday, has been a tobacco smoker for
forty years. But she has become con-
vinced that the habit is having a tendency
to shorten her life, and she has therefore
pledged herself not to smoke any more,
in order that she may live to a good old
age.Mr. R. B. Burns, Maine State College,
'75, has been appointed chief engineer in
charge of maintenance of roadway and
buildings, including the water service
department of the Atlantic & Pacific
Railroad Company. He has been resi-
dent engineer of the road for several
years. His headquarters will be at Wil-
liams, Arizona, which has been his home
for some time. Mr. Burns is a former
resident of Fort Fairfield.Spurgeon once replied to the charge
that he was self-conceited, "I might be
excessive if I was self-conceited, for I
never have been able to find an audience
room large enough to hold my congrega-
tion." But his popularity while living
was not more phenomenal than the con-
stant demand for his sermons since his
death. An order for a million copies
has just been placed; these will be distrib-
uted by 3,140 agents, and the expense
will be borne by some unknown contrib-
utor. The attempt to account for the
popularity of Spurgeon's writings has
been made in various ways. We doubt
if there is anything more definite about
it than that can be said, than that he said in
a perfectly intelligible way what it does
the reader or hearer good to receive.Apples are as plenty in New England
this year, that everybody ought to be
able to follow the advice the Bulletin of
Pharmacy, which recommends that
every one should eat an apple just before
going to bed. The apple, it says, has
remarkably efficacious medicinal proper-
ties. It is an excellent brain food, be-
cause it has more phosphoric acid in
easily digested shape than other fruits.
It excites the action of the liver, pro-
motes sound and healthy sleep, and
thoroughly disinfects the mouth. It
helps the kidney secretions and prevents
calculus growths, while it relieves indi-
gestion, and is one of the best preventives
known for diseases of the throat.
No harm can come to even a delicate
system by the eating of ripe and juicy
apples before retiring for the night.THE LAND OF BEAUTY AND OF SUN-
SHINE.

Since the incorporation of the Kennebec Agricultural Society, sixty-five years ago, this organization has steadily ad-
hered to the primitive educational sys-
tem of furnishing their patrons an annual address. The horse trot and the
bicycle race have not crowded this out.
The proprietors, editors and correspondents
of the *Maine Farmer*, have often been
called upon to perform this service, and
they have promptly responded.

This year the address was delivered
by Hon. Joseph H. Manley, and we have
the pleasure of publishing it in full on
the first page of this issue. It deserves
to be read and re-read, and preserved in
the homes of the happy, contented and
intelligent people whom he eulogizes.
His theme is our beloved State, and in
the unfolding of its vast resources, the
make-up of its honest and sturdy and
independent citizenship, its great possi-
bilities as the vacation land and breath-
ing place of the thousands of tired and
worn-out ones seeking rest and recreation.
Mr. Manley shows himself a master
of his subject, familiar with all its
details, with the true spirit of citizen-
ship, with a love born of the sacred soil,
and a heart brimming with pride for the
State—the land of beauty and of sun-
shine.

The squirrels are shucking beechnuts,
dropping the shells on the dry leaves with
a loud clatter. The chipmunk chirps
and the bluejay yells. In places the
leaves show the colors of autumn; the
yellow of a birch leaf is tinged with green
and the red of a maple is hairy.

The birds are busy. The brilliant love
colors of spring are pale and worn, and
mouthing time has changed the old finery
for the rich, warm coat of fall and winter.
The song of the birds are different, for
peeps and chirps have taken the place of
the songs. The migrating birds are anxious
too. They hop about and cast their
glances upward, as if looking to the
weather. The woodchucks are getting
fat, and run like chunks of putty. The
young birds' feathers are larger, and
their flight faster. The mother partridge
is less solicitous for the safety of her
flock, flies further when aroused by a
man or a dog, and sometimes leaves the
young birds to shift for themselves
when she goes somewhere—perhaps
to dust on a sandy wood trail.

The snakes bark more in the roads and
open places, and the mud turtles lie
hours on the logs, plunging off only
when alarmed.

The shirt waisted tourists put on
heavier clothes, and the men keep on
their coats. Sportsmen are cleaning
their guns and sighting them for the
last time before they start for the woods.
The fisherman has unjoined his rod, dried
his line, and put away his landing net.
His place on the stream is taken by
the watcher, the doater, and the canoe-
loads of hunters bound further up.

Already the taxidermists are getting
dead heads, hides and legs to prepare.
It will many days before the shotguns
begin to bark at the ducks and geese,
but even now the shells and proper loads
are discussed.

ATTRACTIONS AT FAIRS.

It has often puzzled the managers of
fairs how best to attract the attention
and attendance of the crowd by providing
novelties. The trustees of the Rhode
Island Society have partially solved the
question, but in a very grave way. A
man named John Hugh Gill Atlas, was
hypnotized by Prof. Watson and buried
alive five feet under ground at the State
Fair at Narragansett Park, Providence,
Monday afternoon of last week, and was
taken from his grave Thurday and was
not suffering but slight evil effects from
that the loving heart can devise. This
is the true source of Maine's high stand-
ing and prosperity.

From this climax the speaker goes on
to mention the names of some of the
men and women of Maine who have dis-
tinguished themselves in politics, art,
literature, music and war.

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hypnotized by Prof. Watson and buried
alive five feet under ground at the State
Fair at Narragansett Park, Providence,
Monday afternoon of last week, and was
taken from his grave Thurday and was
not suffering but slight evil effects from
that the loving heart can devise. This
is the true source of Maine's high stand-
ing and prosperity.

From this climax the speaker goes on
to mention the names of some of the
men and women of Maine who have dis-
tinguished themselves in politics, art,
literature, music and war.

It has often puzzled the managers of
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KENNEBEC COUNTY NEWS.
ew post office at Gardiner is
y for occupancy.
Wesleyan Seminary and Fe-
ge, (Ken's Hill) fall term has
with a large number of students
Jones, while working on the
tner farm in Randolph, Wednes-
the deer, fat as cubs.

C. Libby is to construct an
poultry establishment in his
at Waterville.

Fred Fogg of South Paris has met
quite a severe accident. George.

In going into the shed in her
own child's cart, her ankle badly.

Mansion G. Larabee, the well known
goods dealer of Portland, has as-
signed.

Mrs. Sanford B. Dole, the wife of
President Dole of the Hawaiian republic,
is on a visit to her native place, Castine.

A patent has been granted Wilmot B.
Thurlow of Green's Landing on wear
plates for bascules.

The cannery factory at Bass Harbor
has resumed work putting up clams.
When in full force they employ about
forty hands.

The final distribution of the funds of
the Walker estate puts nearly one hun-
dred thousand dollars in the city of
Portland.

Dr. E. Bailey of Auburn has received
a despatch announcing the death of his
brother, Rev. Jesse Bailey at Buffalo
Creek, Colorado.

The annual encampment of the de-
partment of Maine, Union Veterans'
Union will be held in Auburn, October
29.

E. Stone has been appointed Post-
master at Berwick, via Horace B. Tib-
bets, and Wm. Pray at East Dixmont,
vice John T. Porter.

Patents have been granted to Charles
V. Richards of Skowhegan for a wire
and support, and Charles D. Cutts of
Fort Fairfield for an insect powder
disinfectant.

Lewis Ingles of Machias was found
dead in bed, Wednesday morning. He was
83 years old, and son of Major Ebene-
zer Ingles of Machias, a soldier of the
Revolution.

By the death of an uncle in California,
Frank W. Wardwell of Portland, will in-
herit some \$20,000. Mr. Wardwell is the
only male heir in the entire family.

The bulk of the above amounts is in real es-
tate.

F. W. Rogers of Parkman attempted
to commit suicide by taking Paris green.
There is little doubt but that he will re-
cover. Mr. Rogers is about 27 years of
age and married. It is said that troubles
in his domestic affairs led him to make
the rash attempt on his life.

Thomas P. Hutchinson of Machias
died Saturday evening, a long illness.
He was captain of Company B, 25th regi-
ment, in the civil war. Charles Cox of
East Machias died Friday. He was
entirely in the same company and regi-
ment.

William Henry Foster, a Maine war
veteran, died Thursday, of heart disease at
his home, 11 Williams avenue, Hyde
Park, Mass. He was born in Norway, May 14, 1828, and served four years in
the army, enlisting in 1862. Five children
and a wife survive him.

George R. Stevens of Belgrade drove
a pair of green 5-year-old geldings
brothers in blood, and weigh about
2200 pounds.

Another matched pair was shown by
Samuel Currier from Pine Tree Stock
Farm, Skowhegan, a pair of handsome
black geldings.

C. B. Thompson of Morrill lost quite a
valuable mare recently, shot while in
the pasture with a two months colt by
his side. Mr. Thompson does not know
that he has an enemy in the world, and
assumes that the shooting was accidental,
but it was none the less unfortunate.

Edward Graham, best remembered as
the principal government witness in the
Lewis trial for the murder of Byron G.
Kensett, and who was arrested last June
on the charge of being a criminal as-
sistant on his wife's sister, Almina A.
Lowell of Gorham, was before the Con-
necticut Superior Court, Wednesday.
The jury returned a verdict of guilty.

A small grand stand collapsed at the
fair in Cherryfield, Wednesday afternoon,
when 5000 people were on the grounds.
One hundred people were precipitated in
the mass, a dozen receiving broken bones
and internal injuries. Capt. John
Leighton of Millbridge, aged 80, died
from fright. The fair grounds were a
scene of intense excitement over the re-
port that many had been killed.

Two were rescued alive, and
Ray, was killed. It was an
accident took place in
Co.'s planing mill, Bangor.

In some manner Frank Jelli-
and fell and both his hands
a buzz planer. Both hands
mangled, and the amputation
fingers was necessary.

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Poetry.

MEMORIES OF HIM.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.
About the place my eyes grow dim
With sudden tears whencever I see
The mischief that he made for me—
The band torn from my newest hat
And leaves from Shakespeare on the mat.

Such memories of him abound
With tears and smiles I glance around
The littered room strown with his toys,
But no more echoing with the noise
Of his dear feet, "Where was the art
Wherewith he climbed straight to my heart?"

His mother's sweet geraniums tossed
And tumbled, all their beauty lost,
And here an album out of place,
And there a sadly broken vase,
And there the sorrowing sunlight shines
Through tousled morning glory vines.

Would he were here, with his sweet looks,
He might have all my dearest books
To tear in tatters—Shakespeare, all,
For just his lightest footfall to fall,
For what is Shakespear to the kiss
And clinging of the one I mise?

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

Though life may seem a pathless mystery,
Is there no star which shineth in the night?
With blessed promise that the coming light
Will prove our wondrous hope a verity?
Are tearful eyes blinded that they see?

No promise of an after lebenszeit
Implied in just that hope men feel, despite
The fact which none denies, that death must
Dost thou believe in God? Call not on death,
But call on him who, risen from the grave,
Brought with death and conquer'd in
the strife;

For he indeed—the Giver of our breath—
Can tell me, who the assurance gave,
"I am the Resurrection and the Life!"

Our Story Teller.

A FAIRY OMNIBUS.

I think everybody gets a touch of romance some time in his life. The green glade of older days is probably replaced by a busy street, your armor clad knight by a city man in a frock coat and silk hat, your distressed damsel is a practical, level headed, energetic little typewriter, perhaps. The actors are changed, the scene is changed, but, believe me, the element of romance is just the same as it was in the days of chivalry.

Now, I dare say you would scarcely believe that a bald headed, middle aged, stout old solicitor like me—getting every day more engrossed in business, and more and more apt to be a trifly crusty in my temper, owing to a tiresome liver—was ever sufficiently “interesting” to play the part of a modern knight errant. Let me tell you all about it, and how it ended. It's commonplace enough, I know, and I dare say most of you have gone through something similar, but if it does nothing else it may perhaps serve to stir up pleasant memories.

I had nearly completed my articles, and was reading hard for my “final,” when one morning the firm told me to go to a client who was ill and take instructions for her will.

She was an old maiden lady living in Paddington, and our people had transacted all her business for her for something like 40 years.

It was a wet day—one of those days that we get from time to time in London, when you feel as if you would like to go to bed and not get up again until things have changed.

Holborn was like a little river, and the traffic stopped and splashed along in a way that made you feel damp even to watch.

I stood on the curbstone waiting for a chance to cross without being smothered with mud, when I noticed a girl standing near me. She, too, was trying to cross.

It was very funny to see her. She was evidently from the country, and didn't at all understand the London traffic.

Three times she started, and three times she turned back in despair.

I watched her with interest. There was an amusing expression of good tempered misery on her face. She was pretty—very pretty—and daintily dressed, and—well, I seized my opportunity like an artful clerk who is worth his salt bound to do.

“Excuse me,” I said, raising my hat, “but I think you want to cross the road.”

She looked rather startled.

“I think I shall get all right,” she answered, “if you would kindly tell me when to start.”

“Suppose we try together? Give me your arm.”

She did not give me her arm. I took it, and we started on our pilgrimage. In and out the cabs and omnibuses I guided her safely until we got to about the middle of the road, which, as you know, is very wide opposite Furnival's inn. Suddenly she limped and gave a funny little hop.

“I'm very sorry,” she said, laughing, “but—I'm afraid my shoe has come off. It stuck in the mud.”

I looked around. Sure enough, a few yards behind us was a shoe lying in the mud, looking very lonely and getting horribly wet.

“Can you stand here for a moment,” I said, “while I fetch it?”

I left her there, standing on one foot, with the tip of a little stocking tied to just touching the ground to steady her.

A cab driver who happened to pass found the situation amusing and said so candidly, but I'm proud to say that I managed to keep a grave face. The shoe was such a small one that I marvelled how a human being could ever get it on, much less get it off again.

Now a saint from heaven can't put a lady's shoe on her without seeing her ankle. I didn't try to. I thoroughly enjoyed that little ankle and lingered over the task with becoming solemnity in spite of the weather.

At last we were ready to start again.

“It was very kind of you not to laugh at me,” she said, with a little blush. “I must have looked very silly, standing there on one foot.”

“You looked very charming,” I said, with a young man's bluntness.

I landed her safely on the path, and she thanked me.

I asked her if I could be of any further service. She thought not. She only wanted to get into a Paddington bus, and then she would be quite safe.

Now I wanted a Paddington bus, but I didn't say so. As soon as came up I stopped it, put her inside and went on top myself.

Perhaps you will think me quixotic for going outside in such miserable weather. Well, I believe you would have done the same thing after all. You see, I was afraid she might think I was pestering her if I followed her inside.

It looked rather like taking advantage of a trifling service, and I was at that age when a man would rather have rheumatic fever than sacrifice the good opinion of a pretty girl. Things are different now—I'm a married man.

But, bless your heart, you can't escape destiny by getting outside an omnibus. I hadn't been up there three minutes, the rain had only just commenced to soak through the knees of my trousers and trickle down my legs, when the conductor came up with a significant grin on his face.

“If you please, sir,” he said, “there's a young lady inside wants to speak to you.”

I climbed down the ladder with which busied in those days were furnished.

There she sat in the corner, half smiling, half blushing. There was nobody else inside.

“Won't you get wet if you go outside?” she said.

“I was afraid you might think I was a nuisance,” I answered.

“I guessed as much,” she said frankly.

“But it would be a very poor return for your kindness if I drove you into consumption!”

I think that upon the whole that was the most delightful bus drive in my experience. The conversation flowed in a torrent, and I believe we exchanged as many confidences and opinions in half an hour as some people do in a lifetime. It was wonderful. It was like touching by accident the hidden spring of some secret door which opened into a new atmosphere, a new fairyland. We were more like old friends than chance acquaintances, and it seemed as if neither could tell the other too much. Points of agreement and disagreement were noted eagerly. We had read the same books, visited the same places and wherever we turned there was new ground of sympathy.

She had only been in London a week and had not visited any place of amusement. I wondered if I could find a chance here of pushing my advantage and approached the subject with delicacy and caution.

But at this point it seemed that the mutual confidence stopped, for she declined to understand my tactics and remarked that her time was too fully occupied to go about much.

Only too soon we reached the place where I had decided to alight. We shook hands warmly and thanked each other rather vaguely and nervously, and then I found myself once more on a nasty, wet London pavement.

I had had a glimpse of fairyland, but it was only a glimpse. I was back again in the practical, uncomfortable world, with a living to be earned and a will to make.

The gates of fairyland were closed, for, like a donkey, I had omitted to find out the fairy's name and where she lived.

It seemed impossible to bring one's mind back to the legal subtleties of willmaking, but it had to be done, and I trudged heavily on my way to our client's house, finding, to my infinite disgust, that I had got out of the omnibus much sooner than I need have done.

Imagine my surprise when, on reaching the house and being shown into the dining room, I found there the heroine of the lost shoe.

That settled it.

I felt that heaven had decided I was to marry that young lady, and I formed the pious intention then and there of giving heaven every possible assistance and made such a delightful hash of her aunt's will that it required some six or seven visits to put matters straight.

I had nearly completed my articles, and was reading hard for my “final,” when one morning the firm told me to go to a client who was ill and take instructions for her will.

She was an old maiden lady living in Paddington, and our people had transacted all her business for her for something like 40 years.

It was a wet day—one of those days that we get from time to time in London, when you feel as if you would like to go to bed and not get up again until things have changed.

Holborn was like a little river, and the traffic stopped and splashed along in a way that made you feel damp even to watch.

I stood on the curbstone waiting for a chance to cross without being smothered with mud, when I noticed a girl standing near me. She, too, was trying to cross.

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and muscle nerve. It electrically eradicates inflammation. It is a valuable remedy during long rides and have been very effective. I have also used it in musclemen's inflammation. Resident Roxbury Bicyclists, stores and directions on every bottle. Price, 25 cents. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.
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Horse Department.

Get the colts to eating oats and drinking skimmed milk. Four quarts of each daily will keep in good condition and make steady growth.

Don't leave the young stock out in the fields and pastures these cold nights. There's loss rather than profit in such a course. The colt kept in good condition all the while will be the easiest and cheapest kept horse at maturity.

There are more foals of '96 in Maine than came to the barns in 1895, and they ought to be better ones, for experience has been teaching and the market affording some remarkable object lessons, extreme, must take its place as second to road horse value from this time on.

Don't harness the colts until thoroughly halter broken and ready to obey. Make haste slowly and there will be few mistakes. The end to be gained is the safe, sound, prompt driving road horse, and colts left to themselves are not to be educated a day. Common sense now to halter break and educate along the lines of future service.

Pretty tricks taught the colt are sure to be vices in the mature horse. It is a pity that the first teacher could not be the only one to suffer the penalty for his own misdemeanors. Men and women teach their children to make up faces, and afterward whip for the same act, perhaps with fairly good results, but unfortunately the colt cannot talk it over and made to see the folly of the former act.

There is such a thing as overfeeding on grain and milk, getting the stock so fat that all the tendencies will be turned in that direction, and growth be checked. The colt overfat, like the one underfed, cannot grow. One suffers from excess, which obstructs. The other from lack of food. So long as the hair is bright, skin loose, and the colt active, it will thrive. It is not fat which increases size, but bone, muscle and flesh. Of these three one cannot have too much, provided they be backed by exercise.

At one of our fairs this year a pair of matched horses were brought to the track for examination, each one wearing quarter and interfering boots on every foot, and at another a stallion at the head of a large establishment, and following close, another of Aristos. One could hardly criticise the Arion colt, and if he is the sample of his get, his reputation the stud will be far greater than on the track.

Clarendon, by Sir Walter, is another well put up animal, rich in breeding, his dam being Jubilee Lambert, a horse of great substance and good action. His colts pleased us in that while perhaps not quite as fine in some parts, they gave evidence of great energy, and abundance of staying qualities.

A three year old by Ralph Wilkes was large and very speedy, another by Chimes was an almost perfect reproduction of a Morgan, and though a little under size, as trappy and clean in action as the joints and keep the legs from trembling. It surely seems as though there was a call for lifting the standard of qualifications in the show ring as well as stable.

When Mr. J. S. Sanborn threw down the gauntlet at Rigby during the New England Fair, and offered to match his half blood French Coach, two, three and four-year-olds, for any sum, he putting up two dollars for one, and the judge in the stand to pick the colts of his stable, races to be two, three or four miles, where were the breeders that they did not respond? Can it be that they feared the contest? Such an opportunity to test the question of endurance should not have gone unnoticed. That it did so pass must be accepted as evidence of respect for the colts at Elmwood.

The Breeder's Gazette is firm in the belief that the haphazard breeding of the past ten years has had much to do with the depression in the horse market. But for the deluge of cheap and common stuff prices would never have reached their present level, and even the abundance of inferior grades has not sufficed to bring down the prices of good horses proportionately. Farmers who have been careless in their breeding, those who have patronized cheap sires in the deluded belief that they were practicing economy, have themselves to blame for much of the unsatisfactory condition of the horse market.

The question of horse-breeding is almost as difficult of solution in this country as horse-racing was two years ago. In France, the breeding of horses is regulated by the State, and the pure bred has a better chance of showing his good qualities than this country, where each individual breeder regulates his stable to suit himself alone. Bad mating does not happen so often in France as in the United States, as a result of the different methods; and the average is higher in the former than in the latter country. The French breeders, instead of mating horses and mares which have been good winners on the turf, choose them entirely for their breeding qualities, and by using only the choicest strains, they reach the highest type. Good turfmen are realizing that it is not a paying method to invest in the brothers and sisters of fast horses, and at none of the recent sales have the shrewd buyers rushed in to secure these relatives at fancy prices. Many of the high-priced brothers and sisters of fast racers, that brought fancy figures a few years ago, have not won a dollar for their owners, and they have changed hands at a greatly reduced rate, or sunk into oblivion through neglect.

The interest so clearly manifested in the attempt made to provide a parade of fancy hitches at the State Fair, indicates the drift of public thought, and suggests the steps necessary to be taken in the future. It may be that the simple exhibition of stock has lost something of its attractiveness, sure it is that societies can hardly afford to maintain liberal premiums for classes where breeders manifest so little interest, and to other lines and features attention must be given. The introduction of the fancy hitches in the novel parade provided by Mr. J. S. Sanborn last year, created a demand for something of this nature, and the attempt was made to continue the same, with the result that everybody was pleased. Something more than the horse and a bright harness was called for, and the premiums were awarded to the horse, harness and carriage, the object being to introduce the new and novel hitches so popular on the parks and fashionable driveways of the large cities. These classes must



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be increased, as they will afford entertainment as well as instruction, and aid materially in promoting the road horse industry of the State, a feature now sadly neglected. Less of showing to halter in the old line classes, and more of the parades are what will please the public, and it is along these lines that the treasury of the societies are to be filled.

A FINE DISPLAY.
Northern New Hampshire can turn out not only a fine class of stock, but horses and colts of the richest breeding. While the display was not large, and not to be expected, the quality was fine. This is largely due to the enterprise manifested by Dr. Gerald of Laconia, Hon. Warren Daniels of Franklin, and Hon. J. C. Clark of Manchester, and these gentleman with many others have put out money freely all these years. Dr. Gerald has in Glencoe Wilkes a stallion of great worth as an individual, and equally so as a sire of stylish colts possessing a high rate of speed. In Ad Malden by Palo Alto he has a beautiful colt just maturing into a grand specimen of a horse. A weanling by this horse out of a beautiful mare by Mambrino King would please the most exacting horseman.

Perhaps the choicest specimen shown was a black yearling by Arion, and following close, another by Aristos. One could hardly criticise the Arion colt, and if he is the sample of his get, his reputation the stud will be far greater than on the track.

Clarendon, by Sir Walter, is another well put up animal, rich in breeding, his dam being Jubilee Lambert, a horse of great substance and good action.

After such a wonderful performance the third heat proved somewhat of a disappointment. They got off on the first score, and after traveling the first half neck and neck Star Pointer went back to Gentry's wheel. He closed again to the stretch, when Andrews again made his drive and Gentry took the third heat in 2.05%.

They went along as one horse to the ½ pole, when Star Pointer, who was on the outside straining every muscle, managed to show his head in front. Into the stretch they came, and as Andrews shook up his horse, Gentry by a wonderful burst of speed flew past his rival, passing under the wire a full length in front in the time of 2.01%.

Every person in the vast assemblage went wild with enthusiasm, for it seemed even before the time was posted that a record had gone down.

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